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CORNELIUS CADLE.



THIS, certainly in some good measure, true that the men giving character to a State at the beginning, in the foundation work, are marked by an intelligent choice of their place of abode, and by a long abiding in one place. Ordinarily they will there create a home. They will be blessed with wife and children, and will, hence, be interested in all that tends to the moral and social well being of the community. They will be settled in their choice and will become old settlers. They will not be homeless wanderers.

“The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well ordered homes of the people.” The really solid men of a city or nation are those whose wisdom, strength, time and effort are mainly used in well sustaining and well ordering their homes.

Few nobler illustrations of this can be found, perhaps, than in Mr. Cornelius Cadle, who grew into the honorable and responsible position and bore the title of *Deacon* Cornelius Cadle, of the church called Congregational, in Muscatine, Iowa. To this city he came in the fall of 1843, and he there abode till his death, in 1886, nearly forty-three years.

Blest with five sons and one daughter, they have honored him and faithfully served (three of them) in defence of their country and of liberty, and all of them uniting to testify their love and respect in his passing away from life as they had in his days of age and feebleness just preceding, as well as also in the days of vigor and work.

Deacon Cornelius Cadle was born in New York City, N. Y., March 11th, 1809. His father, Cornelius Cadle, having emigrated from Glostershire, England, in 1785, and settled in New York, became engaged in the shipping business and the importing and sale of mahogany and other fancy woods. The firm owned several vessels and was doing a large and lucrative business, when the war of 1812 broke out, and the firm having some vessels loaded for foreign countries, the embargo was declared, which ruined their business and crippled their resources.

Deacon Cadle attended the private schools of the city until quite a young man. There being no public schools at that time, his father, associated with others, assisted in organizing the first free school society in New York City, of which DeWitt Clinton was the president. His father, noticing quite an aptitude for mechanics, put him in a cabinet maker's shop to learn the trade, at which he worked about a year. He soon tired of it, and afterwards succeeded his father in the mahogany trade. He always said his father mistook his calling and should have placed him in a machine shop, for his natural taste was for machinery. He never could quite abandon his taste for mechanics, though he never afterwards followed it as a business; and in his old age his greatest delight was to work in his old lumber office, which was filled with tools and appliances with which he shaped into beautiful pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac, from his collection of native and foreign woods, for the adornment of the homes of his children, and in the preparation of geological specimens for the cabinets of his own and intimate friends.

He early manifested an interest in the old volunteer fire

department of his native city, and was elected foreman of Engine Company No. 21, and afterwards elected fire warden of ward 5. He alluded with pleasure to the old firemen of his time, and the noted scenes associated with the department; and the habit of *order* in the management of his clothes, so as to be ready for duty at an alarm in the night, he always retained even in later years; and this early training of having everything in its place and of strict punctuality in meeting an engagement to the moment was a marked trait of his character.

Of his connection with the New York fire department, his old friend and associate, Carlisle Norwood, Esq., president of the Lorillard Insurance Co. of that city, and one of New York's old and honored citizens, writes under recent date: "Cornelius Cadle became a member of Engine Co. No. 21 on the 2d of June, 1828. The law of the state did not permit any person to be a member of the fire department before he was 21 years of age; but like myself and many others he got smuggled into the department (if I may so term it) before we were of legal age. In the spring of 1832 (cholera year) he was elected foreman of the company, and on the 4th of December, 1832, he was elected fire warden of the 5th ward of the city. This position having been a very important one, had become a sort of sinecure, and was much sought after by those who were desirous of a less active life as firemen. No person could be elected as a fire warden unless he had served at least three years as an active member of a fire company. On his election as fire warden he resigned his foremanship and membership of Engine Co. No. 21, and he served the rest of his time as a member of the department in the position of fire warden, until he severed it on June 17th, 1836. At the time of Lafayette's visit to this country, in 1824, Mr. Cadle, like myself and thousands of others, witnessed the review of the department by Lafayette. I was then in my thirteenth year and recollect it as well as if it occurred yesterday. In later years, when I was a guest of

Lafayette at his country home, "La Grange," France, he repeatedly told me that the review and parade of the New York fire department was one of the pleasantest things in his visit to this country. No one can say too much in praise of Mr. Cadle. He was a kind-hearted, genial man of the strictest integrity, and a thorough gentleman. I always took great pleasure in his society. Let me add that his death leaves me the sole survivor of the twenty-six men who belonged to Engine Co. No. 21, during our membership. They were all splendid men and ranked among their number some of our most reputable merchants and mechanics, all full of life, energy and activity. And all gone but myself."

Deacon Cadle married, June 23d, 1835, in New York, Miss Abigail Larrabee, to whom were born four sons — Cornelius, jr., Edward F., William L. and Charles F.

He continued in business in New York until 1843, when he decided to move west. After a long tedious journey, he settled at New Haven, Ill., where he had a brother residing; but his stay there was brief. The malaria was so prevalent in that region he became disgusted with the country, and, in writing to old friends in New York, described the country in the following: "The cows, horses, human beings, all look as if they had shaken their flesh off or pawned it for whiskey." After a stay of a few weeks, in which time his family, like the rest, were shaking with ague, he set out to look up a healthier location, and settled in Bloomington, Iowa Territory (now Muscatine), October 24th, 1843. On his arrival at Bloomington he was at once impressed with the healthfulness and future prospects of the place, and remained a resident until his death. In an old letter he speaks of the "fine class of settlers and the low prices of living compared with New York, beef and pork selling at Bloomington for 1½ to 2 cts. per lb.; chickens, 75 cts. per doz.; eggs, 4 cts. per doz.; wild ducks, equal to canvass backs, 5 cts. apiece, or shoot them yourself; quails, 25 cts. a doz., the latter often flying in the windows, and as they become more civilized will probably come in already cooked."

He had shipped here from New York part of the machinery for a steam saw mill, and built that fall, 1843, the first steam saw mill at this town, which industry has since become the leading one of the place. He continued in the lumber business until within a few years of his death.

After a few years' residence here he was called to mourn the death of his wife, and was married March 4th, 1849, to Miss Ruth Lamprey, to whom were born two children, Henry and Abbie, the former now in the lumber business at St. Joseph, Mo., and the latter the wife of Frank W. Mahin, of Clinton, Iowa. Mr. Cadle always took an active and patriotic interest in public affairs. He was elected alderman in 1855-6 and 1882. Was deputy county treasurer in 1862-4; city treasurer in 1880-1; county supervisor in 1879 and 1881-2.

In politics Mr. Cadle was an ardent republican. An early abolitionist, he naturally allied himself with the republican party at its birth, and he supported that party with uniform devotedness from Fremont to Blaine. With the firing upon Fort Sumter and the attempt to break up the union, his sturdy patriotism was aroused, and there was never any mistaking of his position or loyalty during all that eventful period which tried the loyal men of the north. He advocated nothing but the strongest measures to crush treason and rebellion, and furnished, all he had, three sons, Colonel Cornelius Cadle, jr., Captain William L., and Private Charles F., who served all during the war, while the fourth son, Edw. F., in California, enlisted there and was made a lieutenant in his company; but on account of the great expense of transporting troops from there, they were not brought east. Though past the prime of life, Deacon Cadle served at home, together with Mrs. Cadle, whose services are so well remembered by the boys in blue, as the president of the Soldiers' Aid Society all during the war, and whose activity and zeal in sustaining and furnishing those at the front with needful sanitary supplies were so touchingly remembered, at her obsequies only a year ago, by the veteran soldiers of Muscatine. After the battle of Fort

Donnelson in 1862, Mr. Cadle went to Cairo as the bearer of a large supply of hospital and sanitary supplies, contributed by the loyal ladies of Muscatine for the wounded of that desperate battle, and offered himself as a nurse in the hospitals; but as he was not needed, he came home to labor with renewed energy. He was an active member of the Loyal League, and in every way did all in his power to sustain the government. It never occurred to him as inconsistent with Christian character that he should make it seem unsafe for any treasonable thing to be said in his presence.

Deacon Cadle was not a man of many words. What he said was always good sense, sound in principles, to the point, and often condensed and brightened with genuine wit. He did not often speak out his views spontaneously. But touch him at any time, bring out his sentiments, sound him, he was true, wise and unfalteringly right. His dislike of all sham and fustian and bombast was as intense as his perception of it was keen.

On the 6th of May, 1855, Mr. Cadle was received into the communion of the Congregational church, in which, for several years, his wife had been an honored and useful member.

After more than three years of faithful membership in the church, Mr. Cadle was, on the 10th of November, 1858, unanimously chosen a deacon. In this office, with self-denying diligence and conscientious care and promptness, he continued to the end of his days, the great help and comfort and wise adviser of the pastor and the church.

Combined, with his faithfulness in his distinctively religious and business relations, there was great fondness for the beautiful in nature.

Geology was a favorite study. He was a useful member of the Academy of Science in the city, and contributed many and choice specimens to its cabinet and rooms. The banks and ravines and creeks of the great river were often explored by him and many things of interest, unseen by others, would

be secured. In rough stones and unseemly knots of pine and oak, he would see often, and bring to light lines of wondrous beauty.

When, in the year 1874, he yielded, at the desire of his children, and the earnest invitation of his son, in California, and visited the western coast, he returned, much invigorated and full of the interest secured from his explorations there.

But sometime before and especially soon after the passing away of his wife, it became evident that his strength was rapidly failing, and he left, though reluctantly, for a more genial climate. He visited, for several months in the winter of 1885 and 1886, with his son, Col. Cornelius Cadle, manager of the Cahaba Coal Company, at their mines in Blocton, 40 miles from Birmingham, Alabama. Here he enjoyed for a short season the new opportunity of pursuing his study of nature and the works of God in the mines and forests.

But here, far away from his much loved home and old friends, came his summons to the heavenly country. Though cared for assiduously by his son and family and many friends interested in him and for him, he quietly, as though falling asleep, passed out of this life, upon the 77th anniversary of his birthday, March 11th, 1886, believing in Christ his Savior, and, to the last, maintaining the integrity of his profession.

Guided by the light of pine torches, and attended by the many who had come to know and honor him, among them a large delegation of the coal miners, his body was borne, in the casket, upon the shoulders of strong men, through the lofty forests, in the night, to the depot of the railroad; thence to the home in Muscatine, Iowa.

From this home, so dear to him for so many years, in all its associations and surroundings, his remains were carried to the sanctuary where he had so often worshipped, and of which he had, in spirit, said so often, with the Psalmist, "a day spent in thy courts is better than a thousand," and for which, in time and care and means, he had sacrificed very much.

Gathered at the funeral services on this afternoon of the

Sabbath, March 14th, 1886, there met, with the personal relatives, to do him honor, the church of which he had been for thirty-one years a faithful member, the Old Settlers' Society, more than fifty in number, the veteran soldiers, members of the Academy of Science, and many other citizens.

After an address from his greatly bereaved pastor, with whom, for nearly forty-three years, he had been in neighborly and Christian fellowship, upon the texts in *Luke*, xxiii., 50, "Joseph a good counsellor, a good man and a just," and *Acts* x., 52, "Cornelius, a just man," he was borne by the four of his five sons present, and attended by many friends, to the grave. In the beautiful cemetery overlooking the great river so familiar to him and so loved by him, he was laid by the side of the wife who had preceded him only eleven months.

We mourn but with the hope of meeting and enjoying with him the life greater and grander far beyond.

A. B. ROBBINS.

Muscatine, June 1st, 1886.

FORT DONELSON—THE SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.



HE capture of Ft. Donelson was pivotal in the history of the civil war; it was a fulcrum of national hope and of military reputation.

During 1861 the important battles of Bull Run and Wilson's Creek were Confederate victories, as were also many minor contests. The Union successes were chiefly in occupying Maryland and West Virginia, and a part of Kentucky and Missouri. In contested fields but little had been won. The north was becoming clamorous for dash and daring. At the opening of 1862, the telegrams, "all quiet on the Potomac," were being answered by the popular shout, "On to Richmond." Then the cautious Cameron was supplanted, as

secretary of war, by the impulsive Stanton, who, with president and people, adopted Marshal Blucher's motto, "Forward!"

The first work planned was to capture Richmond, to blockade and occupy the Confederate coast, and to open the Mississippi. The Union night soon fled, the morning-star arose, strangely enough, in the west, over Donelson. That fort, the strongest west of the Alleghanies, and manned by, possibly, 21,000, of Gen. A. S. Johnston's best* troops, was captured February 16th by 27,000† under Grant, though one entrenched is deemed a match for from three to five assailants. The number of prisoners taken was greater, as Grant alleged, than ever before captured in any battle on this continent, and by a conflict, as Gen. Pillow asserted, more valiant than any other. Grant claims that he received about 14,000 by surrender, though Gens. Floyd and Pillow had slipped off with several regiments during the night before.

"The fall of Fort Donelson was the heaviest blow that had fallen on the Confederacy."‡ It darkened, for a time, the reputation of Floyd and Pillow, and caused a "confidential" call for troops to save the Mississippi to the south. The Confederates everywhere were despondent, and in Kentucky and Tennessee panic-stricken. Columbus and Nashville were promptly evacuated with an immense loss of military stores, and the northwestern frontier of the Confederacy moved materially southward. Donelson arrested the popularity in the south of the poem entitled "The Southern Wagon," and made it more amusing to the north, and especially the stanza:

"The Tennessee boys are in the field eager for the fray;
They can whip the Yankee boys, three to one, they say;
And when they get in conflict, with Davis by their side,
They'll pitch into the Yankee boys, and then you'll see them slide."

That poetic prophecy was as ambiguous and as truthful

*Pollard's Lost Cause, page 203.

†Grant's Memoirs, I., page 315.

‡Pollard's Lost Cause, page 209.

as the ancient oracle to Cræsus. They "got in conflict, and the Tennesseans slid."

"The effect of that victory" upon the Unionists was "electric." The tide had turned. It created an enviable military reputation for the north, for states, for regiments, and for individuals.

Among states Illinois was most honored. She furnished most troops and the chief officers engaged, and, if her soldiers were only equally deserving, she would deserve most of the honor. But Iowa, on that bloody field, need not crimson in presence of Illinois, as her "War Governor" so felicitously showed in his correspondence with Maine. But such a defense is still needed when even Blaine can say, "Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and Kentucky were all gallantly represented on that field, but the prestige of the day belonged to Illinois." "It was an Illinois victory."* That thought filled all the air at the time; it has filled it since; it is largely just, indeed, though not wholly so. A Boston poem,† written within a week of the event, exhibits the current confusion of facts, as is obvious in the following stanzas:

"Oh! awful hours, when grape and shell
Tore through the unflinching line!
Stand firm — remove the men who fell;
Close up, and wait the sign.

"It came at last, 'Now leads the steel,'
The rushing hosts deploy;
'Charge, boys!' — the broken traitors reel —
Huzza for Illinios!

"In vain thy rampart, Donelson,
The living torrent bars;
It leaps the walls, the fort is won,
Up go the stripes and stars.

"Thy proudest mother's eyelids fill,
As dares her gallant boy,
And Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill
Yearn to thee, Illinois."

*Blaine's Twenty Years, etc., I., page 356.

†Moore's Rebellion Record, Vol. IV., Poetry, page 78.

But the regiment that leaped the wall, that won the fort, that ran up "the stripes and stars," was not from Illinois; they were Iowa boys! Laurels, bright laurels to Illinois; just praise to Iowa.

On the morning of February 15th, 1862, the Union army, investing Donelson, arose from beds of ice and snow to hear whistling shells and twittering bullets. Rebel regiments had dashed out of their intrenchments to cut their way through the right wing. McClernand's Illinoisans fell into line, emptied their cartridge boxes, gave way before superior numbers, and were saved from rout by Gen. Lew Wallace. Before night they regained lost ground and forced the enemy, on the run, back into their fortifications. Grant seized the occasion for an attack by his left wing, in charge of Gen. C. F. Smith. The storming party consisted of one Indiana regiment and three from Iowa, with the Second Infantry in advance, led by Col. Tuttle. That movement was described lucidly by Gov. Kirkwood in his letter* to Gov. Washburne. Up the hill, through the fallen timber, in the focus of a deadly fire from front to flank, those Iowans move in silence till upon the enemy's defenses. Confederates leap out of their rifle pits and over their breast-works, and over with them go Smith, Tuttle and their men. One deadly volley from the Unionists; and on the Confederates fly, before loyal bayonets, till protected by their inner fortifications. The Union flag is planted on the rebel outworks; it is the flag of the Second Iowa, the first regiment that mounted them, the regiment that lost about one-third of its number in a few hours — a loss as great or greater than Napoleon's in three days of carnage at Leipsic, or on the deadly plain of Waterloo.

Other regiments were gallant; possibly others would have won the honors of the Second Iowa if fortune had placed them at the head of Smith's assaulting columns. As it was, however, it was the Second Iowa whom Gen. Halleck pronounced

*See last number of RECORD, pages 327-8.

"the bravest of the brave" at Donelson, and whom Gen. Smith ordered to the post of honor when Buckner made his "unconditional surrender," and whose riddled flag was then run up on the inner fort "beside the enemy's white." All Iowa reads the story of Donelson with pride, but the counties of Lee, Van Buren, Davis, Wapello, Polk, Washington, Scott and Clinton read it with a special glow, for they sent out the banner regiment.

Donelson was the creator of individual reputations also. In justice to Illinois, we must note the valor of Col. John A. Logan and the well-earned fame of Cols. Richard J. Oglesby, Wm. R. Morrison, W. H. L. Wallace, and L. F. Ross. Among higher officers, Gens. McClernand and Wallace exhibited the pluck and sagacity of veterans, yet, in public vision, bright above all, shone the star of Gen. U. S. Grant, though Halleck sought to eclipse it by praise of the brilliant Gen. C. F. Smith. Three days after the victory Halleck wrote to McClellan: "Make him [Gen. Smith] a Major General. You can't get a better one. Honor him for this victory, and the whole country will applaud." One year ago Gen. W. T. Sherman wrote:* "From the 21st of February, 1862, till July 1st, 1862 — five long, bitter months — Grant was under a cloud. Had C. F. Smith lived, Grant would have disappeared from history after Donelson." In less than three weeks afterwards Halleck suggested Grant's removal from command, and McClellan authorized Halleck to arrest him and to place Smith in authority. More than this, Grant was, for a few days, actually cooped up in Ft. Henry, and Smith was given the command of the expedition farther up the Tennessee. That episode in Grant's military life will be the marvel of future historians. But, notwithstanding this intellectual strabismus in official circles, in public estimation, Donelson made Grant "the hero of the war." The initials of his name were seized upon by the people for rallying cries of patriotism, and were woven into songs for the street and for

*North American Review, Vol. 142, page 303.

the camp. He was "unconditional surrender;" he was "United States;" he was "Uncle Sam."†

Donelson glorified many an Iowa name, also. Every man in the Second Infantry was made illustrious. The Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth regiments lacked the grandest opportunity so brilliantly improved by the Second, yet they were all heroes where heroes were needed. However, the Seventh and Fourteenth were in the storming brigade, and on one occasion, at least, gave such support to the Second as was essential to its final triumph. Col. J. G. Lauman led the brigade like a French marshal; Col. W. T. Shaw, of the Fourteenth, won highest praise, while Col. J. M. Tuttle was a Ney in the fight. Two Lieutenants, J. B. Weaver and D. B. Henderson, were wounded, and their gallant service there has been a factor in their national fame while in congress and out of it. In naming others we may give Col. Tuttle's opinion with approval. He says Lt. Col. Baker, Major Chapman and Adj. Tuttle were "gallant to perfection;" Captains Slaymaker and Cloutman and Lt. Harper fell in the assault like "brave soldiers;" Captains Cox, Mills, Moore and Wilkin were "marked examples of gallantry and efficiency;" Lieutenants Scofield, Ensign, Davis, Holmes, Huntington, Mastiek, Snowden and Godfrey "deported themselves nobly." Of the color-guard, Col. Tuttle says: "Color-Sergeant Doolittle fell early in the engagement, pierced by four balls and dangerously wounded. The colors were then taken by Corporal Page, Company B, who soon fell dead. They were again raised by Corporal Churcher, Company I, who had his arm broken just as he entered the intrenchments, when they were taken by Corporal Twombly, Company F, who was almost instantly knocked down by a spent ball, but rose immediately, and bore them gallantly to the end of the fight. Not a single man of the color-guard but himself was on his feet at the close of the engagement." That "Corporal Twombly" is now the Iowa State Treasurer.

†Blaine's Twenty Years, etc., I., page 356.

We would like to forget that Iowans were censured for carelessness in the protection of "rebel" property at St. Louis; we shall never forget that the same men were thanked for their generous care of prisoners there, or that they gave and took so much cold lead at Donelson.

L. F. PARKER.

State University, August, 1886.

JUDGE MASON AND THE HALF-BREED TRACT.

Editor Iowa Historical Record:

I THINK I shall again follow my old friend, Parvin. In his admirable address before the Bar Reunion at Des Moines, June 8th last he gives me a text that I will follow. He speaks of the first courts and lawyers of the territory. I will follow it up by saying that, during the life of Iowa, as a territory, there was no state probably, excepting Massachusetts and New York, that had an abler bar than the territory of Iowa, and, as evidence, in 1841 the New York Company brought Francis S. Key, from Washington, Iowa, to manage in court their suit for a decree in court for the division of the lands in the half-breed tract, in Lee county. After spending two weeks in court at Fort Madison, Key told D. W. Kilbourn, the agent for the New York Company, that he was not needed, nor any other lawyer from the east; that Reid and Johnston were competent to fully manage the case, and Key was so much captivated by the Iowa court and bar and country that on his return home he sent his son, Barton, the brilliant, talented, unfortunate son, to Burlington to settle. Again, when, at the settlers' suit to set aside the decree dividing the half-breed lands, charging fraud in the obtaining of the decree, the plaintiff's lawyers moved to have the question of fraud tried by a jury, this motion was resisted by the decree lawyers, and to argue that question before the court, the New York Company, feeling that their whole interest in

the half-breed lands, worth a quarter of a million of dollars, depended on the defeat of this motion, sent from New York City Silliman, the great chancery lawyer of New York, to argue the case before the court. The case was argued before Judge Mason, who had rendered the decree, and who was the friend of the decree; but Silliman acknowledged that he was beaten by the home lawyer, and he lost his case, and he told Kilbourn the evening after the case was argued that it was the last time that he would go west to argue a law case. But I take it that there is about as much difference now from then, in the practice of the law in Iowa, as there is in the practice of medicine, then and now. Then bleeding was a remedy to save life; now it is held to be little short of murder. Then, to propose to give a patient burning up with fever a drop of ice water, would have driven the doctor into fits. Now ice water in fever is the patient's joy and the doctor's hope. Railroads have revolutionized the law practice, and common sense has greatly benefitted the medical practice. The lawyer now, who is not a railroad lawyer, is looked upon as an old foggy and not much account. Railroads use the people's money, and can and do pay much larger fees than individuals can pay or will pay; and a big fee adds greatly to the merits of almost any case in court.

Judge Mason was a very able man; at that time chief justice. I once heard General Augustus C. Dodge say to a few friends that happened not to be over friendly with Mason, and one of them was praising Dodge at Mason's expense, when the General straightened himself up to his full stature, with his head thrown back, and in a stentorian tone, said: "You, sir, do not know Charles Mason. He is a head and shoulders intellectually above all of us." And that was true. We every day hear some one say, what a pity that A. or B. had this or that fault, otherwise they would be the most influential men of the country. If ever there was a case that this could truly be said, it could be said in Mason's case. Yet Mason was free from *all* of what the world calls bad habits.

He was a model husband and father. His heart was as kind as a woman's, and he did not know what malice in his own heart was. Then, "what was wrong?" Well, when he went from the farm to hold court in the old Zion Methodist church in Burlington, he drove an unsightly animal, hitched to a rattle-trap carriage, and took his lunch with him, for man and beast, and he hitched his old mare under the shed that the church people had built to shelter the horses and carriages of the country members when attending church on Sundays, and he put his lunch under the pulpit until court adjourned for dinner, when he eat the lunch from the pulpit and fed his old mare in a box prepared, while the lawyers went home or to the hotel for their dinners. Then, when he built his new house and barn, he bought a part of a raft of lumber, and in place of hiring men to take it out of the river, he put on some old clothes and a broad-brimmed straw hat, and with a man or two, did the work himself. Then, when the carpenters had helped to raise the frame of the barn, the Judge gave them no dinner. That is what the Judge did, and he did it because he believed it was right and his legal right to do it, and from that time to his death he did just as he did then, what he believed to be right, without inquiring of himself or anybody else the effect of the act. When the Judge was commissioner of patents and the ablest of all the patent commissioners, Jake Thompson was Secretary of the Interior. Thompson wanted Mason to remove the few Whig clerks under him and appoint Democrats, but the Judge did not believe it to be right, and he refused. When Thompson removed the clerks over the Judge's head, he resigned, not being willing to serve under a man that he believed had done a wrong act. The Judge was a-dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, but he did not believe it to be right to remove honest, skilled, faithful clerks that needed the salary simply to make places for unskilled men, even if they were Democrats, and he gave up his office rather than do it. From the day of Judge Mason's going to Iowa until his death, we were close, confiding friends in all else than politics; politically we started wide apart and ended wide apart.

The half-breed tract in Lee county was an elephant in politics, and otherwise, for years. In 1837 the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature, in session in Burlington, passed a law appointing commissioners to settle the title, but the commissioners had no authority except to take evidence of title, and effected nothing; and in 1838, when the Iowa Territorial Legislature met, I was a member, and I went to Judge Mason, then Chief Justice, and asked him to prepare a bill under which the title could be settled, and he drew the bill and the Legislature passed the law, and under that law the title to the land was settled. In 1841 a decree of court was entered up, setting apart the land in the tract into 101 shares to the different owners, as named in the decree — Mason, as Judge, entered up the decree. The decree was a compromise decree, and was entered up the last night of a two weeks' session, at eleven o'clock at night. Court had taken a recess about four P. M., for the clerk to make up the record, and everybody in attendance on court went home. Lawyers had been in attendance from St. Louis and other places, with the lawyers of Burlington and Ft. Madison, trying to agree on the number of shares to the half breed lands to be admitted in the decree. The treaty, when made, in 1816, intended to confine the benefit of the grant to 38 civilized half breeds, that got no part of the Indian annuities, but unfortunately it did not exclude the blanket half breeds, and in place of 38 claims there were between two and three hundred claimants in court, and the lawyers, representing the genuine half breeds, hated to be swallowed up by the bogus ones, as most of the blanket half breed claimants were, but not to compromise was to lose all, and at the end of court they did compromise, and Judge Mason, in his good nature, kept the court open until they could get the papers for the decree in proper form. The decree was unpopular, and it was unjust in leaving out good and admitting bad claims; but that was not the fault of the Judge. The decree was denounced as a midnight decree, and the Judge was roundly abused, and unfortunately one of the

shares admitted belonged to the Judge's sister-in-law, and he had been her attorney. No one questioned the genuineness of that share, but unexplained, it gave the Judge's enemies an advantage. What the Judge did was right and done entirely from kindness. He got no fee from his sister-in-law, and the decree was a blessing to the owners of the lands, and the settlers and the country and the territory, for it resulted in the settlement of the title to the disputed land; but it took years of litigation, but there was an adverse decision against the original decree. But years after this decree there was a continued half-breed war politically and personally. Three anti-Dodge Democratic members of the Legislature from Lee county, elected by the settlers on the tract, held the balance of power in the first State Legislature, and the result was that the State was, for two years, unrepresented in the U. S. Senate. The settlers organized and were a law unto themselves until the agents of the New York Company dared not go outside of the city of Keokuk. All business and all sales of land on the tract were paralyzed.

The half-breed tract was at that time a small Ireland and the decree party England, on a small scale. With them, as with the English landlord, it was no compromise with law breakers. Nothing but the enforcement of the laws. When at the court, Hiram Barney, of New York City, representing the New York Company, proposed to Judge Mason, then in Washington with Munn & Co., as patent attorney, to take charge of the company's interest in the tract, and after paying the company a certain sum to have the rest for his trouble, time and expense, the Judge accepted the offer and the lands were deeded to him, and he went to Keokuk and constituted James L. Estes his agent. Estes had been sheriff of the county and was popular and patient and intelligent. Estes at once, under Mason's instruction, gave notice to the settlers that he would sell them their lands at \$2.50 per acre, entirely on credit on long time, or he would buy their improvements at their value. In less than six months all the trouble

on the half-breed tract was ended. The settlers either bought the land or sold their improvements. The same treatment by England would have as happy an effect on Ireland if tried. This settlement was Mason's grand triumph under the same decree for which the settlers abused him. He secured them their homes at half value.

Judge Mason was educated by the Government at West Point. He was poor and had no expense money as many other young men, sons of rich men, had. What he did have he worked for. He was at the head of his class, and took time to coach Jeff Davis. During the rebellion we had many talks about Jeff Davis and the war. The Judge was greatly attached to Davis personally; but for his love for Davis I am satisfied that he would have entered the Union army.

The Judge did not believe that the rebels could be whipped. We over and over again talked on the subject. He said that history gave no account of any rebellion being conquered when they had so much territory and so great resources as the seceding states had. I argued that the free-trade doctrine of the south keeping out home manufactures was their weakness; that they had no facilities for providing for any of their wants. No guns, and no anything that the soldier needed. This the Judge would admit, but still he thought that they would get what was needed from England. He admitted his mistake, and no man was more gratified at the end than he was.

Judge Charles Mason was never understood or appreciated by those that did not know him well.

HAWKINS TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON, August 24th, 1886.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI
VALLEY.

BY SAMUEL MURDOCK.



IF WE could pass along the banks of all the rivers of this continent, from its most southern capes to the line of perpetual frost, it is more than probable that we could trace continuously the remains and earth-works of the strange and extinct people we call the mound-builders; and crossing over deep seas, lofty mountains, and wide-spread plains, we would, without a doubt, find the same traces in every other country of the globe, and in all of these lands, far beyond the line of written history, see that they have left behind them an empire of their dead, on whose dominions the sun never sets.

Starting, however, in our own country, at the mouth of the Mississippi river, on lands beyond the reach of its overflow, and following along upon either shore, as well as up and along the shores, ridges and divides that separate all of its greatest and smallest tributaries, until all of their head-waters have been reached, and then over and around the great lakes of the continent, one would hardly ever be out of sight of the remains and earth-works of this strange race, and in all this long journey of more than a life-time, we behold in the aggregate an amount of personal and manual labor, often executed and accomplished in rugged and forbidding grounds, without the use of metal implements, that shows us that they must have been at some time very populous, and have remained for long centuries in peaceable possession of the continent.

The waters of this great valley have always had free outlets to the ocean, from which they were annually well stocked with fish, and innumerable wild fowl have ever nested on their banks and floated on their surface, while the plains and forests of their great water-sheds have ever swarmed with wild game, and the savage had only to await the annual return of the vernal equinox to bring him along their banks a full supply of

fish, birds and animals, on which he could subsist, and far more sure to him than the crops are to the civilized agriculturist, and it was for these reasons that the mound-builder hugged these water courses, and why we always find adjacent to their banks his most numerous and extensive works. In travelling along any particular ridge or divide that separates these streams, we often find long and round mounds commingled together in a chain, while here and there, along the same divide, other mounds of various forms are to be found, some of which represent correctly the forms of animals and birds, and where these have not been disturbed or denuded, the effigy looks like a thing of life lying down in repose.

Near clusters of all of these varieties we often find a mound which, when excavated, proves to have been a furnace, with a circular stone wall, whose sides are calcined from long usage, and in the cavity we find the burned and charred fragments of human bones in large quantities, and which have the appearance of having been roasted over a hot fire in the furnace; then turning our attention to the round mounds in the vicinity, we generally find them containing from one to fifteen or more skeletons, some of which are at present in a very good state of preservation, and these are generally found with their heads outward and their feet to the center, and sometimes it is very difficult to remove a part of one without disturbing some part of another.

Many of these round mounds, with their skeletons in preservation, are found on high and almost inaccessible points or bluffs, while others of the same character are several miles distant from water, and on high and sterile ridges, with no indications of former habitations near them.

I have examined specimens of these skeletons found along from the banks of the Cumberland to Lake Winnipeg, and I find they are all types of the same race, and it does not appear that their heads have been artificially deformed, and these heads generally slope from all sides to a cone, forming a solid bony bump on the top, and bearing a strong miniature

resemblance to the shape and form of the mounds from which they were procured, and so distinct and marked is this general characteristic that one can easily separate them from the skulls of other races blindfolded, while the whole frame work taken together indicates the make up of an undoubted savage of not a very high order.

It is generally in these round mounds that we find their rude implements of stone and clay, and as we approach towards the lakes, specimens of untempered copper tools, but all indicative of a savage and a primitive life; and it is now generally conceded that these strange people were a separate and distinct race from all others; that they are now, and have been for long centuries, totally extinct; that none, either of the civilized or of the savage races of the globe, have ever left us the slightest reliable history or tradition of the existence of a living mound-builder, and we are, therefore, left alone to these earth-works, and the dumb skeleton within them, to solve the mystery of their origin, their life, their extinction, and their existing sepulchers. It is beyond our power to judge correctly of the comparative ages of two or more earth-works, for one of a century will look to the eye as old as one of ten times that number, yet, from very many observations, it looks as if the age of the long mounds extended backward to a period of their own, far beyond that of the round ones, and that they would be just such mounds as any race would build over a sudden and a numerous dead, who were killed in battle, and for this purpose they would answer, but for none other; and if all these conjectures be true, then, in all these variety of mounds, we are certainly dealing with the commingled works of two or more races instead of one, and that among all the other mounds on the same ridge, or river shore, the cannibal found room and a place for his roasting furnace; but on the other hand, if we are not to look upon these variety of mounds as the commingled works of more races than one, then the mystery of the mound-builder increases with every new observation, and giants will pick at it for centuries to

come before they will solve it. The Indian has left nothing permanent behind him, and but for our written history it would be hard for us to prove that his race had so recently occupied a continent, and like him numerous other races may have grown up, flourished, and passed out of existence without leaving a single track or a mark to inform us of their former life.

All savage races are known to be lazy and indolent, and when we know that the mound-builder was a savage, it is hard to reconcile this knowledge with the vast amount of manual labor that was necessary to erect all the earth-works that are to be found on the route I have indicated; yet, if we are allowed to take into consideration the shape and uniformity of their heads and believe that such heads are indicative of great fear, reverence and superstition, and will produce none but uniform ideas that always culminate into uniform works, then we can see in these a lever that moved and impelled these indolent savages to the task, more potent than any mandate that might be issued by either a civilized or a savage autocrat.

These frightful looking skeletons are not the ordinary dead of a family, a race or a tribe, for, with the savage indolence in view, and the want of metal tools, there are no ties of kindred, no reverence for the dead, and no ties of affection that are strong enough to impel either the civilized or the indolent savage to incur such a labor for such a dead, and we must therefore look to some of the facts and observations I have mentioned, to solve the mystery of these vast sepulchers and their numerous dead; and, therefore, taking into consideration their manner and plans of burial, the vast number of these burial mounds over any given landscape, the large number of dead within them, the improbability of packing scores of ordinary dead bodies up steep and precipitous bluffs, or several miles from water courses, all of whom must have died at the habitation at or near their shores, the lessons of fear, superstition and reverence taught us by their heads, together with our knowledge of savage indolence, and we are forced into the

conclusion that these skeletons are the remains of those who walked in life to these places of sepulcher, and there, under the influence of some terrible superstition, calmly laid themselves down to be covered up alive by survivors dancing around them to the air of some wild and ghostly chant, and this custom, followed up from century to century, finally led to their total extinction.

If these observations do not solve the mystery of the round mound-builder, then indeed he is to me an enigma and a sphinx, which some future Champollion may solve; but until then the mystery will continue. Some very respectable writers have sought to make these people the authors of these ruined civilizations that are found in Mexico, Central and South America, and which Agassiz pronounced equal in artistic finish to any of their fellow-ruins of Greece and Rome, but these writers did not know them by the shovel and the spade, as we have known them, or they never would have asserted that these frightful distorted and primitive skulls could chisel a block with the skill of a Phidias or a Praxiteles.

If the mound-builders had been the authors of these grand old civilizations that are now represented by the ruins of Titicaca, Cuzco, Mitta, Uxmal and Palenque, then there is no reason why their whole route over fairer lands and brighter skies should not be strewn with the ruins of what was once magnificent cities; but leaving out of consideration the fact that we have no knowledge of the civilized and the savage ever changing places in the scale of civilization, we may ask those writers what necessity there was for the mound-builder to pass from his station to a higher one of art and empire? for he had a sure and an abundant supply of everything that was needful for his comfort and subsistence, and this supply was always at hand and in proportion to his population, and he had, therefore, no reason, no incentive to tax his brain with the science of hydraulics for irrigation, or with the laws of the compounds of metals for the construction of axes, chisels, plows or guns, and hence he arose up, flourished and died a savage in the midst of plenty.

Along the banks, terraces and divides of all the rivers and streams of Iowa, all these variety of mounds may be found, and in the round mounds skeletons in countless numbers still repose in a fair state of preservation, and it was here and in the adjacent states that this savage race flourished in all of his savage glory.

In the examination of skeletons taken from the south to the far north, I find that the further north they are taken the better they are preserved, the fresher they look, and the more apparent is the animal matter about them; and I have seen unmistakable skulls of the race, taken from Minnesota and the shores of Lake Winnepeg, that looked as if they had not been very long in the ground, and were so offensive in smell that I had to inter them again, and if I am correct in these observations, then it would look as if fragments of this strange race lingered about those northern lakes until a comparative recent period before they vanished entirely out of sight.

Such, however, is the mound-builder as we see him in this great valley and from our own standpoint.

LOCATING THE GOVERNMENT WAGON-ROAD FROM NIOBRARA, NEBRASKA TO VIR- GINIA CITY, MONTANA.

N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 321.]

IN AN article in the July number in this connection, occur two errors. There is not a more opportune time for their correction than the present. First (which may have been a typographical error), the rate of freights from Omaha to Virginia City, which reads, thirty cents per hundred, should read thirty cents per pound, a material difference. Second, Col. Sawyers has recently informed me that the final interment of the remains of Nat.

Hedges was at Cincinnati, Ohio, beside those of his mother, and not at Sioux City, as stated. That it was his brother Charles E., who was killed a few years later in Dakota by the accidental discharge of his revolver, that was buried at Sioux City.

To resume. After the burial of young Hedges, Col. Sawyers moved back to the main stream of water to rest and recuperate men and animals. Here another difficulty occurred. His escort mutinied and refused to go further. The Colonel offered the mounted escort \$25.00 per day if they would but accompany his Indian guide to look out a road where the train could cross Powder river, but they absolutely refused. Col. John F. Godfrey now came to the front and tendered his services to accompany the guide in the hazardous undertaking. That this heroic young man, whose name deserves to be inscribed in letters of gold, may be more fully appreciated in this connection, I will here give a brief sketch of his early life.

John F. Godfrey was born in 1839 in Central Maine. His father was a lawyer of prominence and one of the earliest ultra abolitionists, in which cause he zealously labored until slavery was numbered among the things that once were. John F., after graduating at the Bangor high school, declined to enter college. His love for adventure led him to sea when fifteen years old. After two years' tossing upon the briny waves he brought up at Buenos Ayres, South America, where he exchanged a sea-faring life for that of a herder. After pursuing the occupation for some time, through good economy in saving his money, he was able to buy an interest with his brother and several other Americans in the lease-hold of a large estate and the proprietorship of a large band of sheep. The prospects of wealth in the near future were quite flattering, but for young Godfrey it was otherwise ordered. At the breaking out of rebellion in the United States, Godfrey was fired up with patriotism when he looked upon the stars and stripes that gave him protection in a foreign land. He

felt it his duty to sacrifice his bright prospects of wealth and rally to the defense of its triumphant folds. His interest in the rented estate, etc., were soon disposed of, and the young hero on the way to the United States. Landing at Boston, he hurried home to visit his parents. After spending a few days with them, he enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry. Two weeks later he was appointed First Lieutenant in the First Maine Battery, Light Artillery. His battery was at once dispatched to Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico. Soon after it proceeded up the Mississippi, and was at the taking of forts Jackson, St. Philip, and New Orleans. In the fall of 1862 he was promoted to Captain of Cavalry, and took part in all the principal battles in Louisiana. In May, 1863, he was before Fort Hudson. For meritorious conduct, early in 1864, he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Maine Cavalry. During the summer of the same year his health became so impaired from hard service that he was compelled to tender his resignation, and returned to his home in the Pine state, where, with careful attention, he fully recuperated, but not until the close of the rebellion. He still thirsted for adventure, and enlisted as a scout in one of the companies that accompanied Col. Sawyers' expedition, where he rendered most valued service, and doubtless saved the entire expedition from utter annihilation, and added many thrilling and hair-breadth escapes to his eventful life.

A few years since a series of articles, entitled "Recollections of the Yellowstone," by a lieutenant who accompanied the expedition, appeared in the Sioux City (Iowa) *Journal*, one of which I here give and which speaks of Godfrey as follows:

"This same scout, Godfrey, was a man of wonderful nerve and pluck, and one, I may say, who seemed to have a charmed life. He had fought through the greater part of the war, serving in a division on the lower Mississippi, which did lots of heavy work, and he had come out without a scratch. While he was with our party I think he had more close calls

than any other man who got away with his hair. I recall one incident, which, though I was not a witness of it, remains still firmly impressed upon my mind, as it was the nine days' talk of the camp. It was just before Captain Brown, of the Michigan Cavalry, was killed, in the Little Big Horn country. A detachment had crossed Tongue river, and Godfrey, who happened to be a little distance behind, lay down upon the ground to drink from the stream. As he did so, he cast his eyes across the other side, and through the growth of cottonwoods which aligned the banks, he saw a band of Sioux and Arapahoes close at hand. He grasped his gun and made a dive through the cottonwoods to warn his squad, which had by this time got out of the timber and was leisurely winding its way across the plain. As Godfrey came running out of the woods shouting 'Indians!' the men became panic-stricken and galloped off. This left the scout in a predicament; on an open plain, afoot and alone, with a band of mounted Indians bearing down upon him. He ran for some distance, and then a glance over his shoulder convinced him that there was no use of putting himself in a race against a lot of Indian ponies. The Indians were close up and in full cry. Godfrey made up his mind, as he afterwards told me, that he would not let them have his scalp for nothing. Half a dozen of the men had lost their lives within a short time, and not one of them had killed an Indian. Godfrey was bound to send at least one to the happy hunting-ground. So he squared himself about and faced the on-coming savages. He had a single shot in his musket, and then—there was but one ending. He waited until the Indians were close at hand, until the leader of the band was within a few yards of him, and then he drew a bead and fired. There was a thud of the bullet as it struck, and the big chief fell to the ground. Strange to say, the other Indians, instead of keeping directly on and running the now defenseless scout down, divided into two files and cut a 'pigeon wing' around him, every mother's son of them throwing himself over on the side of his horse for protection. By this time

the stampeded squad had rallied, and they came charging back, putting the Indians to flight. Godfrey owed his escape to the idea which the redskins evidently had that he carried a repeating rifle.

“So we pulled our canoes up a little way into the timber, built a stockade, and determined to await developments. It was not long until the Indians began to show themselves in considerable numbers. They besieged us for three days and nights. In this desperate strait, we were prepared to grasp at straws; and when, at length, Godfrey volunteered to go for assistance, we bade him God speed, although we knew that the chances were a thousand to one that he could not get through the Indian cordon. I think I said in one of my former articles that this man led a charmed existence. On the fifth day, when we saw the Indians suddenly decamp and a company of Uncle Sam’s troops approaching, we were more than ever convinced of the good destiny which presided over his affairs and ours. After leaving us Godfrey had walked 150 miles in three nights and days, never halting for a moment’s rest or sleep. He had subsisted meanwhile on a chunk of raw bacon carried in his pocket. After crossing the divide, the last twelve miles of his 150 mile tramp had been waded in snow that was above his boot tops. The soldiers said that when he came into their camp he was crawling on his hands and knees. The soldiers found that the Indians had discovered his track and had followed him to the divide. Had he loitered for rest or sleep it would have been all over with him and us too. God bless him! We all said it then, and I say it now and shall always say it whenever I recall his act of heroism.”

In May, 1866, Godfrey left Montana and accompanied a wagon-train to California, where he remained until October following his arrival, when he returned to Bangor, Maine, and became a student in his father’s law-office. In due time he became a practitioner and acquired a good practice, when he married. His wife’s health soon failed, when for her benefit

he removed to Los Angeles, California, where he entered into the practice of his profession with his wonted energy, and in a few years held a position among the leading lawyers of Southern California, with a practice of not less than \$10,000 a year, and where, on Monday, June 27th, 1885, he died quite unexpectedly of heart disease, leaving a wife and four children with all the comforts of life around them.

We will now return to where we left the expedition. Col. Sawyers mounted Godfrey on the best horse in the outfit, one that was familiarly known in Northwestern Iowa as "Old Buckskin," and owned by Judge A. W. Hubbard. Godfrey and his Indian guide started out at midnight on their perilous undertaking, and were gone three days, when they returned with news that sent a thrill of joy through the camp. They reported a new wagon road thirty-five miles from camp, leading from Ft. Laramie to Ft. Conner, which Gen. Conner had built on the dry fork of Powder river. The mutineers were now quite willing to escort the train as far as the Laramie road, when they intended to skip out for Laramie and leave the train to its fate, and notified Sawyers to that effect. But through the watchfulness of Col. Sawyers and Godfrey, their plans were thwarted. Immediately on the arrival of the train at the road, Col. Sawyers dispatched Col. Godfrey to Ft. Conner, fourteen miles distant, which was garrisoned by a portion of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, under command of a Lieutenant Colonel. Godfrey, through his eloquent appeal, was not long in securing an order for Capt. Milleford and his command to at once report to Ft. Connor. The news was received with exclamations of joy on the part of Col. Sawyers and the train men, and deep and bitter curses by the mutineers. Godfrey soon discovered that the garrison were fearful that they would be left to garrison that post during the coming winter. He therefore urged the officer in command to urge Gen. Conner to relieve them with Capt. Milleford's command (two companies of Infantry), and they (the Michigan Cavalry) supercede Milleford as Sawyers' escort. Gen.

Conner was not long in issuing the order, and the mutineers were at once installed as the garrison, where they remained the following winter. After remaining one day at the fort preparing coal for the blacksmith of the train and other necessities, they moved forward with an escort of twenty-six well mounted and equipped men, under command of a Captain of one of the Michigan companies. Capt. Cole, of the Michigan regiment, accompanied the escort for recreation and a change. The twenty six Dakota cavalry men swelled the entire escort to fifty-two men, with thirteen serving in other capacities; total, sixty-five men and two women belonging to some emigrant trains that accompanied the expedition. Fresh hopes of a successful termination of the undertaking inspired all as they moved along the base of the Big Horn mountains, crossing many rippling and limpid streams, filled with speckled trout—the crowning luxury of all the sportive finny tribe. With hooks their tables were amply and constantly supplied with this delicacy. It was not their good fortune to revel in these pleasures long. After crossing the Middle Tongue river and camping, the tracks of horsemen and a howitzer were discovered near by. This attracted but little attention, as it was supposed they were made by some of Gen. Conner's scouts. Soon the Indian guide reported Indians skulking in the adjacent ravines. Capt. Cole, who was splendidly mounted and equipped, and the commander of the escort, rode to the top of a hill, a short distance from camp, to reconnoiter and discover, if possible, any enemy. After arriving at the top of the hill, a few moments were spent in carefully looking over the surrounding country, but not seeing a redskin, Capt. Cole proposed to ride a little farther on. He had not proceeded one hundred yards from his comrade when he was cut off by Indians, who were concealed near by. The captain of the escort, seeing Capt. Cole's great danger, immediately rushed to camp, and ordering his men on a double-quick, hastened with all possible speed to where he last saw Capt. Cole, where he was found dead, his horse gone, and the gallant dead

stripped of all his valuables, but not scalped, as they had no time for that, but made good their escape.

Again the camp was wrapped in a mantle of gloom, and each heart filled with sadness, as the gallant captain was loved and respected by all. Next morning, at the peep of day, the train was on its way, carrying the body of Capt. Cole along. Arriving at the western branch of Tongue river, a swift, but beautiful stream, skirted with timber on either side a distance of two or three hundred feet, a fording place was soon found, water about three feet in depth, but with the lively use of the lash, the teams were rushed over safely. Capt. Sawyers crossing over with the last wagon started to the front, leaving the rear guard and the Twenty-Sixth Michigan Cavalry to bring up the rear. Just as Col. Sawyers had got a short distance from the timber, a large band of Arapahoe Indians made a furious attack on both sides of the rear guard, yelling as if all the hoodlums of hell had just been spewed out. The rear guard became demoralized and lit out for the front under full force of horse muscle. As they passed Col. Sawyers he used his best efforts to halt them, but of no avail; it was yours in haste, with all except one of the Michigan men, who halted to stand or fall with his plucky Colonel. Just then Col. Godfrey, who had been assisting in getting the teams over, came to the rescue, and with his trusty rifle he blazed away at the red devils with deadly effect. Col. Sawyers said of Godfrey: "It did my soul good to see one more man not afraid. Alone and on foot, he stood his ground, and with the Michigan Cavalry man we stood off the whole band until help arrived from the front with the howitzers, which soon dispersed the enemy." As soon as the Colonel could post his men with the howitzers he galloped forward to the front and found his wagons in two lines, with the loose cattle between them, and each driver with his gun in his hand, using it whenever opportunity presented. The Indians would occasionally return as if to attack the train, when the escort would charge upon them and then return, and the train moved for-

ward again. The Indians, in their first charge, managed to scatter the loose cattle so that they got five or six head. The country over which they were travelling soon became so rough and broken, full of deep ravines, in which the Indians would conceal themselves and fire upon the train without exposing their red hides to the guns of the troops. Col. Sawyers deeming it unsafe to advance farther, halted. Looking over the ground as to the best movement, the Colonel discovered a level spot in the bend of the river a short distance below. The train at once moved forward and corralled in the center of the level ground, so that an Indian could not crawl up within gun shot without exposure.

The train moved with the wagons in two lines, with the loose stock between, including the Lieutenant commanding the Dakota cavalry, who walked and led his horse, as he had no aspiration to sit on his war steed (which doubtless was the braver of the two) for a target for the brawny sharp-shooters; the escort deployed on either side of the train. Just as the train was about to halt, Col. Sawyers was informed that a teamster had been shot and his team stopped. The Colonel rode back to ascertain the facts, when he found the aforesaid teamster lagging behind. The Colonel drew his revolver and ordered the tardy hero to rush up or he would put a ball through his worthless carcass. He then galloped forward and found that his guide (Estes) had halted the head of the train too near the river bank. He ordered it to move back as quickly as possible, but before it had reached a safe distance the Indians fired upon them from the river bank, and one of the bravest and best teamsters in the outfit fell, shot through the body. His brother teamsters at once picked him up and placed him in a wagon. A temporary corral was at once formed, when Surgeon Lingley looked after the wounded. While thus temporarily coralled, an Indian, by elevating his Sharp's rifle, dropped a ball into the corral, striking one of the emigrants in the left breast and lodging in his liver. The corral was again moved beyond the range of the Indians' guns.

The team of the wounded teamster had been left standing where the teamster fell. Col. Sawyers ventured out and drove it into the corral safely. The oxen were now unyoked, and every preparation possible made for defense. Night coming on, the Indians ceased firing, as doubtless their ammunition was running short.

That night the emigrant died, and the next morning the teamster also, and the body of Capt. Cole was with the train. Next morning the Indians renewed hostilities more furiously than ever, but with the howitzers they were kept at a safe distance, so that their fire was harmless. About mid-day they hoisted a white flag borne by one of their number who could speak English. He advanced and desired a talk, to which Col. Sawyers assented, and for that purpose advanced a short distance from the corral, but before doing so posted some of his sharp-shooters, so that in case of treachery by the Indians they could pick them off. The would-be peace men soon informed the Colonel that three or four days previously Gen. Conner unexpectedly came upon them and killed several of their number and captured about 600 of their ponies. Here the Colonel called up his guide as interpreter and entered into an agreement with them that he would send Conner word to return their ponies, for which loss Sawyers pretended much regret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IOWA IN 1822.



APT. JORDAN, a pioneer of Van Buren county, in a recent conversation with the editor of the Keosauqua *Democrat*, thus described the Des Moines river country and its Indian inhabitants on his first visit there in 1822:

“The valley and surrounding country was simply a magnificent flower garden. Wild roses, touch-me-nots, lilies, morning glories, honey suckles, and many other varieties

abounding in great profusion. Here and there through this vista of beauty were Indian towns, to which the aborigines flocked in the summer to idle away time and enjoy life, scattering out when winter approached in small squads to establish hunting and trapping camps on the banks of various streams. The Sacs and the Foxes were, as a rule, inoffensive and of mild dispositions. One of their notable mental characteristics was their unfailing memories; another, their implicit confidence in their religious faith. All good on earth, they believe emanated from the Great Spirit, and all evil from Wallisska, or satan, who they believed, might be propitiated by prayer, while the favor of the Great Spirit might be obtained in return for a virtuous life, and would result in a semi-spiritual life in the happy hunting grounds over there. At death the face of a brave was heavily, yet artistically, decorated with red and vermilion, two packages of which were wrapped in his blanket with various trinkets and relics, and rations for a three days' march, and the brave was laid away to make his aerial flight heavenward. Regular burying grounds were located, in which hundreds of rude graves could be seen. The Indian observed no Sabbath or regular holidays. The medicine man acted as a spiritual adviser, physician, and teacher of tradition or Indian history. His medicine chest, being made of tanned bear hide, was considered as sacred, and was profaned if opened by other hands than those of the priest or medicine man. Monogamy was the rule usually observed in the domestic relation, though polygamy was practiced by them at will. Marriage was respected by all so long as the contract continued, but divorces were common and were made, as were marriages, without ceremony, but by mutual agreement simply by the parties to the contract. A marriage of the same couple after divorcement was irreligious and forbidden—they must never speak to each other—but either party was allowed to marry a new husband or wife. Their rules, laws and customs were established in general council, and the validity of a rule once established by the majority of a

full council was sacred and not to be questioned. In conformity with such rules the expressed opinion of the head chief was absolute law. In case of death of the chief, his wife reigned as queen. They lived in great peace and happiness. In 1833, there was of the Sacs and Foxes (who were united into one nation under the leadership of the great Black Hawk) 35,000 braves, or probably 100,000 Indians, with towns and summer headquarters on the Des Moines river. There were probably as many of them as there are now of white in say Van Buren, Davis, Appanoose, Jefferson and Wapello counties; but they dominated two-thirds of Iowa and a large part of northwest Missouri.

LETTERS OF A WAR GOVERNOR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 328.]

NO. I.

GOV. KIRKWOOD TO CAPT. COWLES.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 17th, 1861.

R. R. Cowles, Captain Washington Light Guards, Washington, Iowa:



SIR:—In these days, when cabinet officers abet treason and use their official positions to bankrupt and disarm the government they were sworn to support—when members of both branches of our national councils are openly engaged in endeavoring to overthrow the government of which they are the sworn servants, and retain places and prostitute their powers to thwart the efforts of those who loyally seek to maintain that government—when, in one portion of our country, many men, delirious with passion, regard the firing upon our national flag, the forcible seizure of our national forts, and the plunder of our national arsenals and treasuries, as manly, honorable and patriotic service—when, in another portion of our country, a few men, blinded by partisan prejudice, can be found who justify these

acts, and say they must not be punished — when, in short, men are found in high places, so lost to patriotism as to emulate the treason of Benedict Arnold, and so lost to shame as to glory in their infamy, and can find followers and apologists — it is gratifying to know that the gallant yeomanry of Iowa are still determined “to march under the flag and keep step to the music of the union.”

I accept with pleasure the services of the “Washington Light Guards,” so frankly tendered, and should events render it necessary, shall promptly call you to the field to defend that flag under which our fathers fought so bravely, and to maintain that government they founded so wisely and so well.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

No. 2.

GOV. KIRKWOOD TO SECRETARY HOLT.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 24th, 1861.

Hon. Joseph Holt, Secretary of War, Washington City, D. C.:

Sir:—I have the honor to enclose a letter tendering to the president the services of the Governor’s Greys, a military company at Dubuque in this state. The services of other military companies have been tendered directly to me.

While I deeply regret that the perils to which the union of the states is exposed arises from domestic, and not from foreign, foes, I feel a great and I think an honest pride in the knowledge that the people of Iowa are possessed of an unyielding devotion to the union and of a fixed determination that so far as depends on them it shall be preserved.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

No. 3.

GOV. KIRKWOOD TO CAPT. HERRON.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 24th, 1861.

Capt. F. J. Herron, Dubuque, Iowa:

Dear Sir:—I have just mailed to Secretary Holt at

Washington City the tender of the services of your company to the president. You and your command have afforded me a great pleasure, for which I heartily thank you and them.

I am pleased and proud to know that the citizens of Iowa do not recognize the heresy that treason cannot be punished, rebellion put down, and the union preserved, by force if, nothing but force will avail for these ends.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

No. 4.

GOV. KIRKWOOD TO MESSRS. WISE, STONE AND JERICO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 24th, 1861.

*Messrs. S. W. Wise, Geo. A. Stone, P. Jericho, Commanding
Mt. Pleasant Greys:*

Gentlemen:—I was much gratified on yesterday by the receipt of your letter tendering to me the services of your company “to assist in enforcing the laws of our country and putting down treason and rebellion.”

Accept for yourselves and your company my hearty thanks and my assurance that should the occasion demand it, your services will be accepted and required.

I am glad and proud to know that the people of Iowa do not so impeach the patriotism and wisdom of our fathers as to believe that they established a government which, although strong enough to resist successfully an outside world in arms was either designedly or ignorantly left so weak as to be at the mercy of rebels and traitors at home.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

No. 5.

GOV. KIRKWOOD TO CAPT. MATTHIES.

J. L. Matthies, Captain Burlington Rifle Company, Burlington, Iowa:

Dear Sir:—Accept for yourself and the company you command my thanks for the tender of their services “in case

of any public event involving the necessity of arms." Should such event occur I shall accept their services so gallantly tendered.

I am pleased to know that you and your command believe that the flag of our country is worthy of protection, that the union of the states is worthy of preservation, and that the men who first upheld the one and established the other did not intend to leave both to the mercy of rebels and traitors.

I hope to be in your city about the 1st of January, and will endeavor to see you and consult with you in regard to arms.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

—
No. 6.

GOV. KIRKWOOD TO THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS FROM
IOWA.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 28th, 1861.

*Hon. James Harlan, James W. Grimes, Samuel R. Curtis,
and Wm. Vandever:*

Gentlemen: — I received on the evening of the 21st instant by mail a copy of a preamble and resolutions passed by the General Assembly of the state of Virginia on the 19th instant, inviting the other states of the union to send commissioners to Washington City, to meet there on the 4th of February next, commissioners appointed by the state of Virginia to consult upon the present unfortunate condition of public affairs. I did not receive a copy of said preamble and resolutions by telegraph, as is contemplated thereby.

It is impossible for me now to select persons in different portions of this state and inform them of their appointment in time for them to reach Washington City and participate in such consultation at the time named.

Under these circumstances I have determined to request you to attend said meeting on the part of this state if you shall think it advisable so to do in view of your official positions, of the attendance of commissioners from other states, and of all the surrounding circumstances.

Should you deem it proper and advisable so to attend, these will be your credentials.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

No. 7.

GOV. KIRKWOOD TO THE SAME.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 28th, 1861.

Hon. James Harlan, James W. Grimes, Samuel R. Curtis, and Wm. Vandever:

Gentlemen: — You will find herewith a paper requesting you, if you consider it advisable, to attend a meeting of commissioners from the different states at Washington City on the 4th of February next. I wish you to be guided wholly by your own discretion as to your attendance.

I confess the whole thing strikes me unfavorably. The very early day named renders it impossible for the distant states to select and send commissioners, and also is liable to the construction that it was the intention to force action both upon the meeting and upon congress before the 4th of March next, and without proper time for deliberation. Again, the fact that the basis of adjustment proposed in the resolutions is one that all the free states rejected by an overwhelming majority at the presidential election (the votes for Lincoln and Douglass being all against it), indicates either an expectation that the free states shall stultify and degrade themselves, or a purpose by the failure of the commissioners to agree upon terms of adjustment to afford excuse and justification to those who are already determined to leave the union. You, upon the ground, can judge of these things more correctly than I can here.

Should you find the meeting disposed to act in earnest for the preservation of the union without seeking the degradation of any of the states for that end, permit me to make a few suggestions.

The true policy for every good citizen to pursue is to set his face like flint against secession, to call it by its true name,

treason, to use his influence in all legitimate ways to put it down, strictly and cordially to obey the laws and to stand by the government in all lawful measures it may adopt for the preservation of our government, and to trust to the people and the constituted authorities to correct, under the present constitution, any errors that may have been committed, or any evils or wrongs that may have been suffered.

But if "compromise" must be the order of the day, then that compromise should not be a concession by one side of all the other side demands, and of all for which the conceding side has been contending. In other words, the north must not be expected to yield all the south asks, all the north has contended for and won, and then call that compromise. That is not compromise, and would not bring peace. Such "compromise" would not have become dry upon the parchment on which it would be written before "agitation" for its repeal would have commenced. A compromise that will restore good feeling must not degrade either side. Let me suggest how, in my opinion, this can be done. Restore the Missouri compromise line to the territory we got from France. We all agreed to that once, and can, without degradation, do so again. The repeal of that line brought on our present troubles; its restoration ought to go far to remove them. As to New Mexico and Utah, leave them under the laws for their government passed in 1850—the so-called compromise of that year. We all stood there once and can do so again without degradation. This settles the question of slavery in all our present territories. As to future acquisitions, say we cannot make any. We thus avoid the slavery question in future. We have enough territory for our expansion for a century, and let the men of that day make another to suit themselves. It says merely, we prefer our union as it is to conquest that may endanger it. The fugitive slave law was made by the south. The reason of its non-execution is its severity. It is in direct antagonism to the public sentiment of the people among whom it is to be executed. If something were done

to modify it so as to require the alleged fugitive to be taken by the officer before the court of the county from which he is alleged to have fled, and there have a trial if he demands it, in my opinion the law would be much more effective than it is.

The personal liberty laws are the acts of the states that have them, and I doubt not would be repealed when the present excitement has passed away. Iowa has never had nor does she want one.

I addressed a letter to Secretary Holt on the 2d inst., stating that since the removal of the United States troops from Fort Kearney, a rumor has reached me that a large band of Indians is congregated near that point, probably with hostile intent; that our northwestern frontier has been exposed to Indian depredations for some years past; that if it be true, the Indians of the plains are likely to commence hostilities that may induce the Indians of Dakota and Minnesota again to attack our frontier, and suggesting to him the propriety of stationing a single United States officer at Fort Des Moines, Fort Dodge, or other proper point in that region, with a supply of arms and ammunition of the United States, saying that if that were done and the officer authorized to call on the governor of the state for men, they would be promptly furnished. Such arrangement would leave the United States troops at the command of the government at all times.

Please learn if there be any truth in the rumor above mentioned and endeavor to secure some arrangement by which the frontier can be protected if necessary.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

DONATIONS TO THE IOWA HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.—LIBRARY.

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- From Secretary of State, Des Moines,*
One copy Acts of Twenty-First General Assembly.
- From Publishers,*
The Manifesto for July and September.
- From Yale College,*
Obituary Record of Yale, 1886.
Yale College, 1886.
- From New England Historic and Genealogical Society,*
Register for July.
- From Canadian Institute, Toronto,*
Proceedings of the Institute, June, 1886.
- From Johns Hopkins University,*
History of the Land Question in the United States.
- From Historical Society of Pennsylvania,*
Magazine of History and Biography, July, 1886.
- From Library Company, Philadelphia,*
Bulletin of the Society.
- From Hon. T. S. Parvin, Grand Secretary,*
Annals of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, 1886.
- From Hon. W. B. Allison, Washington, D. C.,*
Volume 16, Tenth Census.
- From Secretary of Interior, Washington, D. C.,*
Four volumes Patent Office Reports.
Two volumes Agricultural Reports.
Ten volumes Smithsonian Reports.
- From Publishers, Chicago,*
American Antiquarian for July and September.
- From Long Island Historical Society, Brooklyn, N. Y.,*
The Campaign of 1776 around New York and Brooklyn.
- From Secretary of State, Des Moines,*
Ten copies House Journal, 1886.
Ten copies Senate Journal, 1886.
Twenty copies Supreme Court Reports, Vol. 66.

- From Gen. W. B. Hazen, Washington, D. C.,*
Monthly Weather Review for May, June and July.
- From New York Genealogical and Biographical Society,*
Record of Society from July.
- From Rev. C. D. Bradlee, Boston,*
Nine Pamphlets.
- From Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas,*
Kansas Historical Collections, Vol. 3.
- From Hon. Theo. Guelich, Burlington, Iowa,*
Poem, in response to the memory of Gen. N. Lyon, killed
at the battle of Wilson's Creek, August 10th, 1861.
- From Bureau of Labor, Washington,*
First Annual Report, 1886.
- From Worcester Society of Antiquity, Worcester, Mass.,*
Proceedings of the Society for 1885.
- From New Jersey Historical Society,*
Proceedings of the Society, Nos. 1 and 2, Vol. 9.
Archives, Vol. 10.
- From Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.,*
Bulletin for April, May and June, 1885.
Historical Collections, January, February and March, 1886.
- From Department of Interior, Washington, D. C.,*
Official Register for 1885, Vol. 2.
- From American Antiquarian Society,*
Proceedings of Society, April, 1886.
- From Secretary of State, Des Moines, Iowa,*
One copy State of Iowa vs. John L. Brown, Impeachment
Trial, three volumes.
- From Rev. Horace E. Hayden, Wilkesbarre, Pa.,*
Seven Pamphlets.
- From Lincoln King, Marshalltown, Iowa,*
His Poems.
- From H. S. Fairall, Iowa City,*
The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition.
Manual of Politics, Vol. 1, 1881-2-3-4.
- From J. P. Walton, Muscatine, Iowa,*
Proceedings of Old Settlers' Society of Muscatine County.

THE TWENTY-SECOND IOWA AT VICKSBURG.

“Double-quick, the Twenty-Second!”

So the order went that day —

Bravest of the brave 'twas reckoned —

Twenty-Second Iowa.

Where the Vicksburg cane-brake thickened,

And the path of danger lay,

Forward marched the Twenty-Second —

Twenty-Second Iowa.

Through Magnolia forest, blackened

By the smoke of deadly fray,

Onward went the Twenty-Second —

Twenty-Second Iowa.

At the steep their pace ne'er slackened:

Over ditch and abatis

Upward rushed the Twenty-Second —

Twenty-Second Iowa.

At the Fort, where honor beckoned,

But where death stood in the way,

Over leaped the Twenty-Second —

Twenty-Second Iowa.

When the score that day was reckoned —

Twenty-second day of May —

Glory crowned the Twenty-Second —

Twenty-Second Iowa.

F. L.

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. JAMES M. BROADWELL, a native of Portsmouth, N. H., and one of the oldest pioneers of Iowa, died at Burlington the 13th of last July. She was married at Boston, Mass., in 1826, to James G. Edwards, who, soon after their coming to Iowa, in 1838, started the *Patriot* newspaper at Fort Madison. In the fall of the same year he removed himself, wife, and paper to Burlington, styling the paper the Burlington *Patriot and Hawkeye*. Later he dropped from its title the word *Patriot*, and ever since it has been widely known as the *Burlington Hawkeye*, the term Hawkeye having been thus suggested for the people of Iowa. Edwards died in 1851, and his widow subsequently married James W. Broadwell, by many years her junior, and a former employe in her first husband's office, who then became proprietor of the *Hawkeye*.

WILLIAM P. DOTY, born in Lewis county, New York, died at his home in Iowa City, September 23d, 1886. Mr. Doty came to Iowa City in 1850, where he has since resided till the time of his death. In 1853 he was married to Mrs. Harriet Yewell, who survives him. He was a member of the Order of Odd Fellows and of the State Historical Society. As a man and citizen his character is held in the highest estimation. A practical artisan in stone work, many a plinth and column near the "old capitol" has a fairer aspect for the cunning of his chisel and will remain enduring monuments of his graceful handiwork.

EDWARD KIRKWOOD LUCAS, born at Iowa City, August 14th, 1855, died at Gordon, Sheridan county, Nebraska, September 18th, 1886. He was the second son of Col. E. W. Lucas, late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth Iowa Volunteers, and a member from Johnson county of the lower branch of the 19th and 20th General Assemblies, and Phebe, his wife, and a grandson of Robert Lucas, the first governor of Iowa Territory. Young Lucas was a graduate of the Law Department of the State University, and entering the practice

of law, was in the spring of 1884 elected city solicitor of Iowa City. At a previous canvass his name was prominently mentioned for mayor. Inheriting the talent, enterprise, and daring of his ancestry, he determined to sue fortune in a more open field than was presented at home, and to this end fixed upon the beautiful valley of the Elkhorn river, in north-western Nebraska, where the flower still perfumes the air and where the advance guard of the pioneer presses the still fresh trail of the retreating Indian. Here, where he had arranged to enter the field of political journalism, at the time appointed for the beginning of the life of his paper, by a decree, subject to no review or appeal, his own closed, leaving a bright example of filial duty and manly citizenship well performed as a cherished remembrance, and wellfounded conjecture of triumphs the future had in store for him had his life been spared, as a fond contemplation.

NOTES.

IN THE cabinet of the Historical Society is a rusty handleless Bowie knife which recalls one of the early tragedies of Iowa, being the blade with which George McCoy killed his wife's father, Benjamin Nye, March 2d, 1852, at Chambers' cabin, near the mouth of Pine river, about eight miles above the city of Muscatine and about three miles east of where the town of Wilton now stands. McCoy was the sheriff of Cedar county from its earliest political organization for several years, first by appointment of Gov. Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, and afterwards by election, when Col. S. C. Trowbridge, present Librarian of the Historical Society, held the same office in Johnson county, and upon McCoy's death in California last winter, his son sent, through Victor I. Willis, Trowbridge's step-son, the murderous relic to his father's early friend, Col. Trowbridge, for deposit in the Historical Society cabinet.

McCoy, in 1837, had married a daughter of Nye, despite her father's protest. Nye had come from Montpelier, Vermont, and was the first settler and built the first cabin in Mus-

catine county, near the mouth of Pine river, where he had built a flour and saw mill, at a place he had laid out as a town and given the name of Montpelier, after his old home in Vermont, at a time when most of Muscatine county was staked off into town sites. After a union lasting about a dozen years, and after the birth of several children, McCoy went to California in search of gold, leaving his family in Muscatine county. Upon his return in 1852, he found his wife and children at her father's. The evidence of her infidelity to him being indisputable, he determined to take the children he claimed as his own and leave her those he repudiated. When he went for this purpose with a wagon driven by William Long, of Tipton, her father was absent, but was soon met by them on the road, when Nye demanded the return of the children, which was refused. Nye then undertook to enforce his demands, which were first ineffectually resisted with a pistol, and finally in a hand to hand struggle with the deadly knife. A judicial examination followed, the testimony of Long and one Patterson, who was also a spectator of the homicide, taken, but the impartial, though rude, justice of frontier jurisprudence could but approve the bloody act as justified in defense of inherent right, and McCoy, without further molestation, carried his children over plain and mountain on the long trail to the glittering shores of the Pacific, from whence one of them sends back this bloody relic to make its second visit to Iowa. It may seem idle to recount the details of a forgotten tragedy when so many fresh ones are daily enacted around us, but time, which halos all things, adds new interest to even a deed of blood.

A MONUMENT has lately been dedicated to Gen. Grant at Ironton, Mo., on the spot where, August 8th, 1851, he received his commission as Brigadier-General. It was erected by the surviving members of his regiment, the Twenty-First Illinois Volunteers. Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Emerson gave to the Regimental Association the ground occupied by Grant as his headquarters and on which the monument stands.

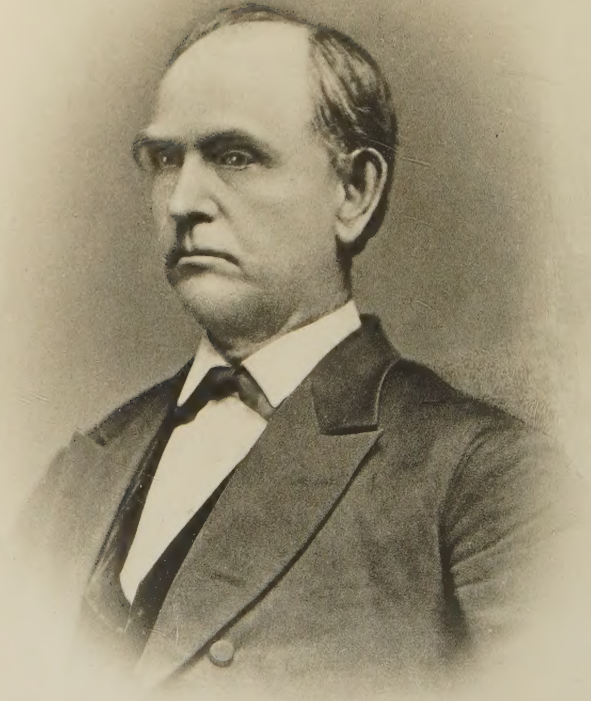


PHOTO TYPE

F. GUTENKURST

PHILAD'IA.

A. C. Dodge